



A R C A D I A;

OR THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.



Handing DISAS



# ARCADIA;

OR THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

As it is Performed at the

Theatre-Royal in *Drury-Lane*.

By Mr. LLOYD.

The Music Composed by Mr. STANLEY.

*Dis equidem auspibus reor, & Junone secundâ.*  
Virg.

*London*: Printed for J. and R. TONSON, and

D U B L I N:

Re-printed for R. WATTS, and W. WHITESTONE,  
in *Skinner-Row*, M,DCC,LXI.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DAMÆTAS,                      Mr. Champness.

DAMON,                        Mr. Lowe.

PRIEST,                        Mr. Fawcett.

SYLVIA,                        Mrs. Vincent.

PHOEBE, the Huntress, Miss Young.

DELIA,                         Miss Young.

ARCADIANS, *by the Singers, Dancers, and Comedians.*

ARCADIA;





# A R C A D I A;

OR THE

SHEPHERD'S WEDDING.

A

DRAMATIC PASTORAL.

---

## S C E N E I.

*A View of the Country.*

SHEPHERDS *and* SHEPHERDESSES.

C H O R U S.

**S**hepherds, buxom, blith and free,  
Now's the Time for Jollity.

SYLVIA.

SYLVIA.

A I R.

Hither haste, and bring along  
Merry Tale, and jocund Song.  
To the Pipe and Tabor beat,  
Frolick Measures with your Feet.  
Ev'ry Gift of Time employ;  
Make the most of proffer'd Joy.  
Pleasure hates the scanty Rules  
Portion'd out by dreaming Fools.

CHORUS.

Shepherds buxom, blith and free,  
Now's the Time for Jollity.

*[A Dance of Shepherds, &c.]*

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

Rejoice, ye happy Swains, rejoice;  
It is the Heart that prompts the Voice.

Be

Be sorrow banish'd far away ;  
*Thyrsis* shall make it Holy-Day.  
 Who at his Name can Joy suppress ?  
*Arcadian* born to rule and bless.

D A M O N.

And hark ! from Rock to Rock the Sound  
 Of winding Horn, and deep-mouth'd  
     Hound,  
 Breaking with Rapture on the Ear,  
 Proclaims the Blithsome *Phæbe* near :  
 See where she hastes with eager Pace,  
 To speak the Joys that paint her Face.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

*Opens to a Prospect of Rocks.*

*Huntsmen, Huntresses, &c. coming down  
from them.*

PHOEBE.

Hither I speed with honest Glee;  
Such as befits the Mind that's free;  
Your chearful Troop, blith Youth to  
join,  
And mix my social Joys with thine.  
Now may each Nymph, and frolick  
Swain,  
O'er Mountain steep, or level Plain,  
Court buxom Health, while jocund  
Horn  
Bids Echo wake the Sluggard Morn.

A I R.

## A I R.

When the Morning peeps forth, and the  
Zephyr's cool Gale,

Carries Fragrance and Health over Moun-  
tain and Dale ;

Up, ye Nymphs, and ye Swains, and to-  
gether we'll rove,

Up Hill, down the Valley, by Thicket or  
Grove :

Then follow with me, where the Welkin  
resounds

With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry  
of the Hounds.

Let the wretched be Slaves to Ambition  
and Wealth ;

All the Blessing we ask, is the Blessing of  
Health.

B

So



So shall Innocence' Self give a Warrant  
to Joys

No Envy disturbs, no Dependance de-  
troys.

Then follow with me, where the Welkin  
resounds

With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry  
of the Hounds.

O'er Hill, Dale, and Woodland, with  
Rapture we roam ;

Yet returning, still find the dear Pleasures  
at Home ;

Where the chearful good Humour gives  
Honesty grace,

And the Heart speaks Content in the  
Smiles of the Face.

Then follow with me, where the Welkin  
resounds

With the Notes of the Horn, and the Cry  
of the Hounds.

*[A Dance of Huntsmen and Huntresses.*

DAMÆTAS.

[ II ]

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Small Care, my Friends, your Youth annoys,  
Which only looks to present Joys.

SYLVIA.

Though the white Locks of silver'd Age,  
And long Experience hail thee Sage;  
Ill suits it in this Joy, to wear  
A Brow so over-hung with Care.  
Better with us thy Voice to raise,  
And join a whole *Arcadia's* Praise.

DAMÆTAS.

With you I joy that *Thyrsis* reigns  
The Guardian o'er his native Plains:  
But Praise is scanty to reveal  
The speaking Blessings all must feel.

DAMON

D A M O N.

True, all must feel—but thankless too?  
Nor give to Virtue, Virtue's due?  
My grateful Heart shall ever shew  
The Debt I need not blush to owe.

D A M O N.

A I R.

That I go where I list, that I sing what I  
    please,  
That my Labour's the Price of Content-  
    ment and Ease,  
That no Care from abroad my Retirement  
    annoys,  
That at home I can taste the true Family  
    Joys,  
That my Kids wanton safely o'er Meadows  
    and Rocks,  
That my Sheep graze secure from the  
    Robber or Fox;

These

These are Blessings I share with the rest of  
the Swains,  
For it's *Thyrsis* who gave them, and *Thyrsis*  
maintains.

D A M Æ T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Perish my Voice, if e'er I blame  
Thy Duty to our Guardian's Name!  
His active Talents I revere,  
But eye them with a jealous Fear.  
Intent to form our Bliss alone,  
The generous Youth forgets his own;  
Nor e'er his busy Mind employs  
To find a Partner of his Joys.  
So might his happy Offspring own  
The Virtues which their Sire hath shewn.

C

A I R.

AIR.

With Joy the Parent loves to trace  
 Resemblance in his Children's Face :  
 And as he forms their docil Youth,  
 To walk the steady Paths of Truth,  
 Observes them shooting into Men,  
 And lives in them Life o'er again.

While active Sons, with eager Flame,  
 Catch Virtue at their Father's Name ;  
 When full of Glory, full of Age,  
 The Parent quits this busy Stage,  
 What in the Sons we most admire,  
 Calls to new Life the honour'd Sire.

SYLVIA.

RECITATIVE.

O prudent Sage, forgive the Zeal  
 Of thoughtless Youth. With thee I feel,  
 The



The Glories now *Arcadia* shares  
May but embitter future Cares.

Oh mighty *Pan*! attend *Arcadia*'s Voice,  
Inspire, direct, and sanctify his Choice.

S Y L V I A.

A I R.

So may all thy *Sylvan* Train,  
Dryad Nymph, and rustic Faun,  
To the Pipe and merry Strain,  
Trip it o'er the russet Lawn.  
May no Thorn or bearded Grass  
Hurt their Footsteps as they pass,  
Whilst in Gambols round and round  
They sport it o'er the shaven Ground.

Though thy *Syrinx*, like a Dream,  
Flying at the Face of Day,  
Vanish'd in the limpid Stream,  
Bearing all thy hopes away,

If again thy Heart should burn,  
     In careffing,  
     Blest, and Blessing  
 May'ft thou find a wish'd Return.

CHORUS.

O mighty *Pan!* attend *Arcadia's* Voice,  
 Inspire, direct, and sanctify his Choice.  
     [*A Dance of Huntsmen and Huntresses.*]

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Peace, Shepherds, peace, with jocund Air  
 Which speaks a Heart unknown to Care,  
 Young *Delia* hastes. The glad Surprize  
 Of Rapture flashing from her Eyes.

*Enter*

[ 17. ]

*Enter DELIA.*

DELIA.

A I R.

Shepherds, Shepherds, come away ;  
Sadness were a Sin To-day.  
Let the Pipe's merry Notes aid the Skill  
of the Voice ;  
For our Wishes are crown'd, and our  
Hearts shall rejoice.  
Rejoice and be glad ;  
For sure he is mad  
Who, where Mirth and good Humour,  
and Harmony's found,  
Never catches the Smile, nor lets Pleasure  
go round.  
Let the Stupid be grave,  
'Tis the Vice of the Slave ;

But

But can never agree  
 With a Maiden like me,  
 Who is born in a Country that's happy  
 and free.

D A M E T A S.

R E C I T A T I V E.

What means this Rapture, *Delia*? shew  
 Th' Event our Bosoms burn to know.

D E L I A.

Now as I trod yon verdant Side,  
 Where *Ladon* rolls its Silver Tide,  
 All gayly deck'd in gorgeous State,  
 Sail'd a proud Barge, of richest Freight:  
 Where sat a Nymph, more fresh and fair  
 Than Blossoms which the Morning Air  
 Steals perfume from; the modest Grace  
 Of Maiden Blush bespread her Face.

Hither

Hither it made, and on this Strand  
 Pour'd its rich Freight for Shepherds' Land.  
*Ladon*, for this, smooth flow thy Tide!  
 The precious Freight was *Thyrsis* Bride.

DAMÆTAS.

RECITATIVE.

Stop, Shepherds, if aright I hear,  
 The Sounds of Joy proclaim them near:  
 Let's meet them, Friends, I'll lead the  
                     way;  
 Joy makes me young again to-day.

SCENE



S C E N E III.

*A View of the Sea, with the  
Vessel at a Distance.*

*Here follows a PASTORAL PROCESSION  
to the Wedding of THYRSIS.*

PRIEST.

RECITATIVE.

Mighty *Pan*! with tender Care,  
View this Swain and Virgin fair;  
May they ever thus impart  
Just Return of Heart for Heart.  
May the Pledges of their Bliss  
Climb their Knees to share the Kifs.  
May their steady blooming Youth,  
While they tread the Paths of Truth,  
Virtue catch from either Side,  
From the Bridegroom and the Bride.

CHORUS

CHORUS.

May their steady blooming Youth,  
While they tread the Paths of Truth;  
Virtues catch from either Side,  
From the Bridegroom and the Bride.

*The* E N D.



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